

The Critic

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Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THERE is seldom too much laughter in American life, and never too much in the north-eastern section of it. Boston is the centre of the gravities—specific, and local, and general. But behind Boston, protected by her from the severity of the east winds, lies Cambridge, into which, annually, at the time when barn-swallows begin to fly highest to meet the summer storms, and the swallow-tails of Class Day are most sportive, all of Boston that is good and Brahminical retires to dance, and, a little later, at the Commencement season, to make merry. It becomes a serious business then to laugh, and to laugh heartily. The world is invited in to see how the thing is done, and the world responds generously to the invitation, coming in golden chariots from the Pacific slope and in the American species of einspanner from the Canadian border. It is a great annual treat to see them come, but a greater to see the genial welcome given them by Cambridge—under cover, of course, of Boston, and away from the severer drift of the Newfoundland icebergs. No more genial face has ever met these guests on their arrival than that of the man who has lately run away to New York for a rest of a week and brought us a whiff of Emerson. For precisely seventy-four years, come next August, Oliver Wendell Holmes has served out the quintessence of Boston's hilarity, the expressed juices of her mellowest season. He was, from the beginning, handy to the colleges, being born within a stone's throw of the now dingy University Building, and old enough, at the date of President Kirkland's inauguration, to push his baby head into the good graces of the white-tied clergymen who probably then came to his father's house. He had in him a little of everything that was good: divinity from his father, the *vis medicatrix* derived from his paternal grandfather and, farther back, from 'Grandmother' Edmunds, so called, in Connecticut, who made herself useful at trying seasons in the lives of the Connecticut mothers. He had business thrift from this branch of the family, and more, perhaps, from the Jacob Wendell branch in Albany; and he had a local flavor of the soil from the sunny slopes of the Trimountain city. Having got old enough under the 'Gambrel Roofed House' to do so, he entered college and grounded himself well in the humanities of the 'Med Facs' and the

dietetics of the 'Hasty Pudding,' but not, it appears, until later, in the art of versification. He was graduated in the famous class of '29'—famous, that is, because he was in it, and because he had for company there Benjamin Peirce, James Freeman Clarke, Benjamin R. Curtis, George T. Bigelow and William H. Channing, or, as their Christian names are heathenized in the college catalogue, Jacobus, Georgius, Gulielmus, etc. This was enough to make any class famous; but this class was furthermore sandwiched between that of '28' in which were George S. Hillard and Robert C. Winthrop, and the classes of '30' and '31' in which Charles Sumner, Wendell Phillips, and John Lothrop Motley flourished. Holmes after graduating studied law a little, but practised versification perhaps more, in the columns of the short-lived *Collegian*. Lastly, he devoted himself in good earnest to the study of medicine, which he practised, having perhaps acquired an early taste for it in his original rôle of 'curator medicati apparatus' among the 'Med Facs.' From the practice he turned to the 'professing' of medicine, but often stepped aside from the stricter science, sometimes to attack unseen foes, but more frequently—at the allowed intervals, that is—to make a 'most palpable hit' in the region of the midriff, and thus to double up, for the time, the learned who gathered at Cambridge.

Thus he had law, medicine, and a strain of theology in his intellectual make-up. He accepted the modern theory of inherited qualities, and had in himself a chance at all that was best in New England. Mr. William S. Kennedy, in a volume just published, pursues the genealogy of the family with an assiduity worthy of the Boston heraldry office. Descending the family tree by the father's side, one gets at a Connecticut deacon among the roots; by the mother's side, to a rich root that branched off to the Olivers, Bradstreets and Quinceys. Mounting among the branches, one finds the family-tree casting off, amid much other good fruit, the two Richard H. Danas, William Ellery Channing, Joseph Buckminster Lee, and Wendell Phillips. The distinction of the family was largely of the serious and corrective order. Channing took to righting the church, Phillips to righting the state; Quincey was President of Harvard; but Holmes seems to have been born to rectify the general digestion of New England. Annually, for quite fifty years, he has practised transfusion of blood—the bright blood of a healthy heart—from the Olivers, Bradstreets, and Quinceys of Boston into the veins of the country members—clergymen and scholars—who have gone back to their drier tasks with a good Puritan laugh that has echoed widely among the New England hills.

Boston will never have a happier antidote to her east winds than this son of a clergyman. He is in his genius essentially 'local,' but his humor has as large a swing as the local and transitory ever get without becoming national and enduring. If he were in New York he would be a Knickerbocker, but being in Boston he must do duty as a Bostonian. He is the creature of his sympathies, and shines among friends. He needs the faces of friends to start the flow of ideas, and has always brought out his best things at their bidding. Probably few of our wits have done so many set tasks in the 'funny line,' and done them so brilliantly, as he; and few, with any celebrity as wits, have so rarely set themselves to tasks of their own in that line. He is loyal to his profession, and a poet and humorist only in his play-hours. The honor done him in Boston and by the doctors of New York since his retirement from his professorship is well-earned. It is the business

of the physician to smooth out the corrugations made by time and disease with the wrinkles of laughter as well as with the bolus of the drug-shops. A laugh is sometimes better than a pill—more purgative of peccant humors, and Doctor Holmes makes the laugh subsidiary to medicine—at least in his practice upon the general 'body politic.'

His work has always been 'occasional.' Orations, poems, and the ministrations of the muse probably never waked him at midnight unless the door-bell rang first at the touch of a friend's hand. He was always dependent on close contact with his audience, and most of his inspiration lay in the audience. This is perhaps at the bottom both of his success and of his failure. He is sympathetic by nature, and steals enough from the humor of the moment to give him control of his immediate audience, and too much to leave him master of the remote one. In the old days, when Lowell wore the professor's hat in place of the ambassador's, the calls for Holmes and Lowell at Cambridge on Commencement-day were not far from equal. The two men were about equally popular; but Holmes spoke to the moment, and was less remembered afterward, while the deeper thoughts uttered by Lowell found a lodgment in the heart, and were not gone in a day. It was the same with the contributions of the two in *The Atlantic Monthly*. The immediate success was perhaps oftenest with Holmes, but Lowell's work looks better to-day—is more artistically fashioned, and strikes down deeper among the roots of human interests. Behind them both stood Emerson, with a serene smile on his face that will count for humor when the last echoes of both wit and humorist have died away. So much of Dr. Holmes's work, charming as it was once, was done for the day—not good for the morrow—that the judicious reader will resent the impertinence of the embalmer who interferes with the kindly office of nature in the processes of decomposition. Many striking effects should, like Charles Lamb's puns, be accepted on trust, and no specimens collected. The sweet savor of a man's life is often best preserved by tradition and kept up in the imagination.

But the material which belongs to Doctor Holmes's collected works, now being re-issued in Boston, we are not yet ready to let die. Some of us are old enough to remember the Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table when he 'did it,' and those who were not in at the birth of *The Atlantic Monthly* in 1857 may well wish they had been, even though it should have cut short their prospects of enjoying the new school of wits in the XXth century.

JAMES HERBERT MORSE.

Literature

"Retrospect of a Long Life."*

MR. S. C. HALL has lived for a great many years, and during a period particularly interesting in the history of English letters. He has been so fortunate as to live in the thick of this literary life in London, and to come into almost daily contact with distinguished writers whom we of this generation know only by their works. Born in 1800, he was five years old when the joy-bells rang for the victory of Trafalgar; he was a lad of fifteen when Waterloo was won, and a young man when George III. died. He began his career as a reporter on *The British Press* when Charles Dickens's father, 'a gentleman of no great intellectual capacity,' was re-

porting Parliamentary debates for the same paper, and the son was contributing 'penny-a-line stuff' to its local columns.

Mr. Hall never kept a journal, but he seems to have been blessed with an excellent memory, for he gives pages of familiar recollections of famous people, reproducing even their conversations. But he does not confine himself to this: he gives interesting recollections of the times—of stage-coaching, of the picturesque link-boys, of ladies riding on pillion, of child-slaves in factories and mines, of hanging for theft, of wife-selling, of flogging at the cart's-tail, and of many other good old customs. As a reporter, Mr. Hall has listened to the speeches of Brougham, of Canning, and of Hume. Such excitement as Canning's speeches made in the House was never known before and has never been known since. 'A splendid incarnation of the Deity' Mr. Hall thought him, as his stately figure passed down the aisle to his seat. Canning was always well-dressed, while Brougham's clothes hung loosely about him, 'as if his tailor when he had made them had neglected to take his measure.' 'His action was the reverse of graceful; his features coarse and somewhat awry, the well-remembered twitching of the nose giving to them rather a repulsive character; the eyes were not expressive, except when animated, and then they rather reminded one of the vulture than the eagle—sly in their fierceness and little indicating the strength of expression so paramount in his flexible and powerful voice.' At the period of which Mr. Hall writes, Joseph Hume was heard nearly every night in the House. He was 'the apostle of small things; a teasing, biting flea in the House of Commons, that would let no minister of any department sit easy in his seat.' It was impossible to put him down when he once began to speak; what he had to say he would say 'in spite of coughing, house-thinning, and empty benches.'

Mr. Hall's recollections of men-of-letters are perhaps the fullest in this very entertaining book. When he knew Coleridge the poet was an inmate of the household of the Gillmans at Highgate, where he went to spend a few weeks and remained for nineteen years. He went there to be cured of the habit of opium-eating which had embittered the best years of his life. On the death of Coleridge, Mrs. Gillman presented Mr. Hall with the poet's inkstand, a plain and unpretentious article of deal, which he gave some years afterward to Longfellow. She also gave him a tiny myrtle, on which she assured him the poet's eyes were fixed when he was dying: it stood on a table by his bedside. It is now preserved in a conservatory at Palace Gardens, 'knotted and gnarled from age, but still blossoming in its season.' The inkstand was, up to his death, a cherished treasure of Longfellow's, and in nearly all the letters Mr. Hall received from him, he referred to it: it was always on his writing-table, and was pointed out to every visitor as one of the 'treasures of his soul.' This was not the only inkstand Mr. Hall gave Longfellow. He gave him one that had belonged to George Crabbe, together with a scrap-basket into which Tom Moore had thrown the odds and ends of his writing-desk. Mr. Hall knew William Godwin—the free-thinking husband of Mary Wollstonecraft, and the author of 'Caleb Williams'—when he kept a bookseller's shop at Snow Hill. Godwin didn't keep the shop under his own name, as that would have ruined it, his published opinions being exceedingly unpopular. It was a poor place, poorly furnished, and its owner, with his 'awkward, ungainly form,' and 'flat coarse,

* Retrospect of a Long Life. 1813, '10 1883. By S. C. Hall. D. Appleton & Co.

inexpressive face,' was the most unpleasant looking thing in it. Charles Lamb was one of the frequenters of the residence of Coleridge, with 'his gentle, sweet, yet melancholy countenance;' for Mr. Hall can recall it only as 'bearing the stamp of mournfulness, rather than of mirth.' 'Even when he said a witty thing, or made a pun, which he was too apt to do, it came from his lips (jerked out in the well-known semi-stutter) as if it had been a foreboding of evil; certainly, his merriment seemed forced.' Robert Southey Mr. Hall considered the beau-ideal of the man-of-letters; and he was prouder when he walked down Piccadilly with Wordsworth than if the king had been hanging on his arm. Tom Moore he considered as almost perfect; and he thinks that men-of-letters would do well to imitate his life in every respect. Dickens he knew from the time he was a lad until he died, and while he was fond of him he reprehends him for his conduct toward his wife. Lady Blessington was among Mr. Hall's friends: it was he who urged her to print her conversations with Lord Byron.

Bryant's Poetical Works.*

THE earliest poem in the collected works of Mr. Bryant is dated 1811; the latest, 1878. Sixty-seven years of verse is his record; and it spans the whole course of important American poetry. One finds but little—almost nothing, indeed—of worth back of it. What is to be hereafter is only hinted to-day. There is not a brilliant line in the entire record, as far as Mr. Bryant is concerned—not a line of that piercing quality for which the beginning of the century was known abroad, in Shelley and Keats and Byron—lines which give to verse its rightful kingship over prose, and make all of Carlyle's diatribes against the divinity of song fall flat and harmless. Nothing brilliant, we say. But, on the other hand, there is noble and elevating sentiment as valuable to life as the most transcendent song of Keats.

Wordsworth was the inspirer of the earliest and best; and, if he ceased to be at the last, it was only because Bryant looked back upon his own work, and made his youth the model of his later years. 'Thanatopsis' shows less of the Wordsworthian phraseology than some of the later poems. It was full of the gloomy thought and imagination of Puritan New England. The spirit that presided at its birth, and was the genius of its birth-place, was the New England spirit. Every boy in that section of the country who had any depth of sentiment took the poem to his heart, for it struck the keynote to all that was best in him. It appealed to his sense of vastness and duration. It helped his excursions into the unknown in time and space—the real and the unreal. Every hill-top in New England had its churchyard, and the gray slate-stones were familiar to all. No dreamy boy but spent some portion of his time in reading the inscriptions and guessing at the fate of the spiritualized beings beyond. The churchyard was so often the playground that death was idealized and became less a hideous spectre than a grim old play-fellow for the imagination. Bryant struck this note as a boy, and seldom left it as a man. The sombre genius of New England—brooding, thoughtful, religious, escorting man from the cradle to the grave, amid the solemn pomp of primeval woods and great silent hills, and, at the last, dressing his tombstone with flowers—this was the spirit visible in the first and the latest work of the poet. Every poem from the beginning to the end of

these grand volumes shows this persistent faculty of worship in the man. Worship of the infinite, the enduring, the beautiful in nature, was his escape from the rack of life. When he was in the hottest press of city work, his mind found its relief in gleams of the free, open spaces—prairie, forest, river-valleys, or seashore—of external nature; and although he was too sane a man to be a transcendentalist in his newspaper, he was clearly at heart and forever a transcendentalist. The divine power addressed him best through the Cumington woods and the lapsing waters of the Sound at Roslyn.

"Studies in Russian Literature."*

THIS work consists of a series of monographs on important personalities in Russian literary history. The opening essay is on Lomonosoff, scientist, poet and man-of-letters, the first prominent literary exponent of that period of history inaugurated by Peter the Great, and the founder of what is called modern Russian literature as distinguished from the monastic chronicles and histories, the popular poems and epics, which form the ancient literature of Russia. The second treats of Kantemier the satirist, a contemporary of Lomonosoff. Catharine II. is the subject of a paper which deals with her somewhat feeble original literary productions rather than with her real importance as a scholar and patroness of letters. Sumarokoff, the virtual father of the Russian stage, and Von Viezin, whose comedies satirized the habits of his age, are each given a chapter, as are also Derzhavin the court poet of Catharine, Karamsin the historian, Jukoffsky the romantic poet, and Kriloff, the La Fontaine of Russia. Papers on Gogol, Pouschkin, Lermontoff and Nekrasoff complete the volume.

The book is confessedly written from the English standpoint and for English readers, which probably accounts for the baldness and barrenness of treatment accorded to these interesting personalities, no less significant as epitomizing historical epochs than as purely literary apparitions. This baldness is particularly noticeable in the first five or six essays, and one cannot help regretting that out of such superb material as is offered by the literary aspect of the periods of Peter the Great and Catharine II. the author should have evolved only a simple statement of facts such as might be found in any school-history of Russian literature. He is entirely out of sympathy with imaginative minds like those of Karamsin and Jukoffsky, although his essays on these writers are somewhat more satisfactory than those dealing with the authors of the rococo period. The paper on Gogol, in point of vital quality, in local color and picturesqueness, and in appreciation of the poet as man and writer, is the best in the collection. The studies of Pouschkin and his works and of Lermontoff are interesting, and show careful study and thought, but no great depth of comprehension. Nekrasoff, as the poet of the proletariat, and consequently a somewhat dangerous literary personality, is treated with careful neutrality. The author's mind is essentially positive, and only the positive side of the Russian literary motive and expression appeals to him. He is at his best in dealing with the positive writers, and particularly with the satirists, and at his worst when he attempts to sound the depths of Russian idealism—that intense idealism of dreamers and revolutionists. We are forced to accept the fact that he does not possess that sym-

* The Poetical Works of William Cullen Bryant. Edited by Parke Godwin. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

* Studies in Russian Literature. By C. E. Turner, English Lecturer in the University of St. Petersburg. London: Sampson Low.

thy with the Slav spirit which would enable him to interpret its utterances aright. Neither does he possess the subtle magnetism of the true literary historian. His pages lack color, brilliancy, animation. They are pedagogic in spirit rather than critical or analytical. The style is often incoherent, the language full of barbarisms. The English spelling of the Russian names is inconsistent and unnecessarily complex. Contradictory and careless statements are not infrequent. And yet, though we cannot assign to these 'studies' a high rank as literary criticism or history, we can recommend them as giving a tolerably fair summary of certain facts in the history of a highly interesting and—to Americans—little-known literature.

Selections from Robert Browning.*

THE first feeling an ordinary mortal has on reading Browning is that an attempt to render him by the voice would dislocate the jaw. The second reading startles the mind to the perception of some wonderful pictures—glimpses like those we get of old masters hung in dark corners and obscured by the cobwebs. A third or fourth attempt sends one to his closet to study the new, deep, philosophical vein that begins to make itself visible. Repeated re-readings in this way—if life furnishes any broad oases of time sufficient for such reading—is very likely to convert one into a lover of the poet whose strong, thoughtful face prefaces this new volume. It is probable that the lover will be an iconoclast who would first wish to break the poet's head for his obscurities, and then break the heads of sceptical readers who refuse to find the hard rock-bed of sanity beneath the obscurity. It is clear enough to every thoughtful person that Browning's intellectual constitution is so robust that he can only walk on peaks inaccessible to the ordinary man. The atmosphere on these peaks is tonic and exhilarating, if it can be endured long enough to get its best effects. By the lover of rhythm, however, and rhyme and music, who stops with these and cannot, or will not, marry them to immortal thought, these heights are not to be reached at all.

These specimens of Mr. Browning's verse—forty-five pieces in all, and including none of the dramas—appear to have been selected by some Browning-lovers on the method of exclusion, those poems not liked of all being thrown out, and a choice made from the rest by Mr. White himself, who introduces the work in one of his most felicitous essays. The poems selected give us the full gamut of the poet's difficulties and excellences. Those who care for his most rapid dramatic action—unhalting, not lamed by the necessities of verse—will find it here; and those who look for profound insight into the motives that control human action will discover that, too.

Browning can be as long in reaching a given point as any man, and yet the careful reader will discover beauties along the road fit to repay him for loitering through a spring-time holiday. His command of the passions is only equalled by his command of the painter's faculty of reproducing externals. He moves among the masters; is a philosopher among the painters, and a painter among the philosophers; but he loves best to mingle the two characters, and philosophize over his painting; and this, perhaps, more than anything else, makes the obscurity of his style.

* Selections from the Poetry of Robert Browning. With an Introduction by Richard Grant White. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

"But Yet a Woman."*

PROF. HARDY'S novel is one to give great and lasting pleasure; a pleasure due, not indeed to the story, which is slight and feebly constructed, but to the delicate interpretations, the profound observation and reflections, scattered through it. It is, in short, what may be called a literary book, to be prized by those who do not demand in a novel vitality, humor, realism, or power, if only it possesses refinement, finish, philosophy, and style. It is a compilation of 'good things'; not witty or even humorous things, but wise, tender and beautiful things, and it is emphatically a book to own and not merely to read.

Its great fault is the lack of individuality in its setting and its characters. The setting is charming, but it is not what it professes to be; the characters are well-bred and interesting, but they are all alike. The book, for instance, professes to deal with French people upon French soil; but to give the requisite foreign flavor, it should deal not merely with what is French, but with what is peculiarly French; and not merely with what is peculiarly French in custom, as the hour of breakfasting and the habit of taking coffee in the open air, but with what is peculiarly French in character and spirit. We can best illustrate our meaning by asking the reader to compare Prof. Hardy's French life and character with the *mise-en-scène* and personality of Mrs. Spofford's admirable French story 'In a Cellar.' In the latter, not only did the people live in France, but they could not have lived anywhere else; the drawing was so accurate, though Mrs. Spofford at the time was a girl of eighteen who had never been in France and had imbibed all her feeling from French literature, that the publishers supposed it at first to be a translation. In Prof. Hardy's novel, if we except the fact that the towns and streets have French names, that the servants address their masters in the third person, and that the exclamation 'Entrée!' when some one knocks is possibly, in this form of spelling, an idiom of which we have hitherto been ignorant, there is nothing of French flavor from cover to cover. The only reason for locating the story in France seems to have been a desire to introduce in one chapter Henri Cinq—who, however, has little more vitality than one of Louisa Mühlbach's historico-fictional personages—and the inevitable nihilist with whom the critic of current fiction must expect to spend his time for years to come. Prof. Hardy's heroine, *Rénée*, is not a French woman. In her sweet, sensible, unchaperoned existence, she might have just as well been called Gertrude, and undergone her little 'struggle' in New York with its one or two convents as in a nation of nunneries. Later, when the scene shifts to Spain, there is rather more local color, but it is the color of the guide-book and the book of travels—the color of the breakfast table in the open air—not the color which Tennyson's landscapes borrow from his people or his thought, nor the color which Mrs. Spofford's characters take from their environment. Even the episode of Felisa, the most dramatic thing in the book, has an air of not being evolved from the author's inner consciousness, but of having been a story once told to him as he represents it told to Roger.

With regard to the characters, it may be said that Prof. Hardy has drawn excellent people, but he has not drawn them excellently. We are glad to dwell among them for a while, but we hardly know one face from the other. They are merely mouth-pieces for the author's

* But Yet a Woman. By Arthur S. Hardy. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

own admirable thoughts, which have been apparently jotted down as they occurred to him without regard to the temporary occupants of the chapter. Compare this with Mr. Arthur Helps's 'Friends in Council,' in which, though the form was confessedly arranged for Mr. Helps to give vent to his own opinions, the individuality of each speaker is so distinct that a person reading aloud would not need to specify who was talking. Prof. Hardy's characters are all philosophers: the pretty, artless little heroine philosophizes with the best of them, and is as calm as a certain young lady of our acquaintance who is said to have read Emerson's 'Conduct of Life' while her hair was being arranged for her bridal veil. The villain, or rather the gentleman most nearly approaching a villain, although his philosophy is sophistry, is none the less a philosopher. We are not arraiging the philosophy, which is admirable, but merely the philosophizing.

If we call attention to the feebleness of construction, it is not that we object to a novel without plot or mystery, but that we object to a novel without either which yet makes pretensions to one or the other. There is a constant sense in the story of something very important just at hand, which is never developed. The very title invites us to inspect the struggle in a woman's nature between love and religion; but *Rénée* is not a woman, and she does not struggle: she is a young girl of twenty who has thought of entering a convent, not as a refuge from either temptation or sorrow, but simply as she would walk into another room; and when a lover appears, the gentle disturbance in her thoughts does not agitate her in the least. She thinks it over, indeed, and consults, very prettily, a friend; but she turns her face with its sunniest smile to her lover when he finally comes to her. Again, we are made to feel as if the story turned upon a noble and lofty sacrifice on the part of an older woman; but there is something ridiculous in supposing Roger to have married *Rénée* because *Stéphanie* let him. In reality, Roger's manliness is far above the necessity of support from *Stéphanie*'s sacrifice, and the drawing is so indistinct that we are not perfectly sure *Stéphanie* meant to sacrifice herself after all. Again, we are made to feel that the bad man of the book has some terrible hold on *Stéphanie*, which may influence her action toward herself and toward *Rénée*. He threatens and insults her; she cowers and shrinks; but the 'hold' proves to be the merest supposition on his part that she has planned a pleasant little journey for *Rénée* in the hope that absence will weaken *Rénée*'s interest in Roger—a supposition weakened by *Stéphanie*'s intention to go with her. The attitude of the book toward Romanism is, to say the least, that of sympathetic indulgence; but we do not think it lends dignity to the Church to represent *Rénée* as acting wisely in giving up the religious life when she found a lover, and *Stéphanie* as acting with equal wisdom in entering a religious life when she failed to secure one.

But let our last word be one of praise. The book, if only for its refinement, is a most welcome one.

Recent Fiction.

THE story of 'A Word' (Gottschberger) is an extremely painful one, with hardly any relief. We have read much lately in historical novels of the early persecutions; but somehow the tossing of Christians to the lions—almost impossible for the modern imagination to realize—affects the nerves less painfully than this vivid picture of the quiet dogging from misery to misery of a family

which had incurred the hatred of the Jews because its Jew had married a Christian, and of the Christians because its Christian had married a Jew. There is a little of everything in 'A Word': the Black Forest, the Inquisition, Germany, Spain, Italy, the Netherlands, priests, Jews, kings and queens, art and artists, war and love; as the hero, who has heard in his youth of a magic word that will unlock the treasures of the world, tries successively if it be 'fortune,' 'art,' 'fame' or 'power,' only to find, as in the ordinary novel, that it is 'love.' It is not one of Ebers's best:

'DIVORCE,' by Margaret Lee (John W. Lovell Co.), is another story of married misery and divorced greater misery. The author is not without a certain ability and depth of feeling in her descriptions of home life; but although the book points a much-needed moral, and gives a much-needed warning, it is questionable whether the continued and elaborate discussions of such topics in the novels of the day will avail in securing a reform.

'A CRUISE UNDER SIX FLAGS,' by O. A. E. (Lippincott), has nothing to do with the sea, being simply a collection of 'good stories'—too long to be called anecdotes, yet quite unconnected with each other—told by people of six different nationalities who become acquainted in a European café. The style does not exhibit the highest literary art, but the stories are well told and are entertaining.

Fiction in the May Magazines.

IN the May *Harper's* are to be found the opening chapters of a new serial, 'A Castle in Spain,' by an anonymous writer. The Castle is a veritable one, actually located in Spain, and the story promises some amusing developments, although from its style we anticipate little but the ludicrous. The author is brave who dares to follow in the footsteps of About's 'Roi des Montagnes'; for although the Spanish railway train is stopped by Carlists, not brigands, we do not look for an essential difference in their characteristics. The air of perfect possibility which lent such charm to the French story, is lacking; for there are quite too many closely-related dramatis personæ in that railway-car for anything but intentional burlesque. — In *Harper's*, too, is a good short story, 'Nehemiah's Plan,' with a nice child in it, who is 'the gladdest kind of sorry' when his best friend is kept with him by a sprained ankle.

Readers of *The Century* will turn first to 'Pomona's Daughter,' and will find it all that they expect. The May chapters of 'A Woman's Reason' are a sympathetic study of Washington Street in Boston, from the point of view of a reduced young gentlewoman with decorative art to sell. Mr. Howells's 'touches' are so apt to be merely funny, that some very tender ones in this number—as that of the young girl kissing the child who begs the stamp from the letter she dreads to open—are especially effective. The most striking thing, however, in *The Century* is the appearance of 'Uncle Remus's' first 'sustained effort,' the spirited sketch 'At Teague Poteet's.' There are people, strange as it may seem to some other people, who have sometimes doubted whether the game was worth the candle in struggling with Uncle Remus's dialect; but there can be but one opinion of Teague Poteet. It is a story of the moonshiners, and of a young man who tried not to mistake the fact that a moonshiner had a daughter for an argument in favor of illicit distilling. The scene and the

characters are made so vividly real that it is a relief to know that the June number will complete the story.

By far the best short story of the month is 'The Harnt that Walks Chilhowee,' by Charles Egbert Craddock, in *The Atlantic*. It is a story of Tennessee, partly in dialect; but the dialect does not require study, and what lies beneath it is original and racy; while the author, in the parts confessedly his own, has given us a series of most exquisite etchings. — Sarah Orne Jewett, with whose style readers of *The Atlantic* are already familiar, has in this number the first part of a story called 'A Landless Farmer.' Mr. Howells's 'Niagara Revisited' is a little dispiriting. Isabel's illusions were charming, and we don't care to hear about her disillusion; while we feel that she is not as happy as she ought to be with a boy of eleven and a girl of nine. Mr. Howells has been persistently dispiriting of late; and as we compare his recent realistic boarding-houses with the delicate 'Venetian Life' which first made him known to us, we recall the words of Shakspeare:

'as far

As from Venice to Belmont;'

and are glad that Mr. Howells has gone once more toward Venice, to bring back, not Venetians, nor Americans in Venice, but the old glamour of vision which saw everything brightly. — Mr. James's dramatized 'Daisy Miller,' of which the second act is given in this number, is considered at greater length in our dramatic columns. — It is hard to leave *The Atlantic* without calling attention to Miss Edith Thomas's 'The Rain and the Fine Weather;' and indeed these delicate observations and dainty descriptions of nature might easily seem fiction to people to whom a primrose by the river's brim is only a yellow primrose. There is nothing aggressive about Miss Thomas, as there is about Thoreau; we feel that Thoreau would never have taken us with him to see the first Rhodora, however he might despise us for not having seen it; but Miss Thomas would like nothing better than to have us all for companions.

Those who read the first part of Mr. Stevenson's charming story, 'The Treasure of Franchard,' with its delightful boy, in the April *Longman's*, may now read its conclusion in the May number.

Acknowledgments.

We have received:—(1) An expurgated 'Othello,' edited by E. K. Purnell, M.A., Assistant-Master at Wellington College, and published at London by the Rivingtons.—(2) Nos. I. to IX. in the Home College Series, a collection of five-cent pamphlets containing biographical sketches of Carlyle, Wordsworth, Longfellow and Irving, and brief essays on Egypt, Rome, England, Political Economy, and the Sun. (Phillips and Hunt.)—(3) The April number of *The Journal of Christian Philosophy*, which has passed into the hands of Prof. J. A. Paine, but is still made up of papers read before The American Institute of Christian Philosophy.—(4) The Catalogue for 1882-3 of Washington and Lee University, which has just turned its first one-hundred years.—(5) Vol. I., No. 5, of *The Library of Cornell University*, showing accessions during the months of December, January, and February last, continuing the list of mathematical works, and summarizing the celebrated case of Dr. Dietrich Flade, chief magistrate of Trier, who was executed for witchcraft, Sept. 18, 1589, and of whose trial President White of Cornell has secured the manuscript records, almost perfectly preserved, which will be published with critical and bibliographical notes.—(6) 'The Johns Hopkins University in its Relations to Baltimore,' an address delivered by Severn Teackle Wallis at the seventh anniversary of the University, Feb. 22, 1883.—(7) Lectures delivered before (and here printed, with excellent illustrative plates, for gratuitous distribution among

the employes of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, by Prof. H. Newell Martin, and Drs. Henry Sewall, Wm. T. Sedgwick, and Wm. K. Brooks, all of the Biological Department of Johns Hopkins University, and all well qualified to treat scientific matters in a manner attractive to even an inexpert audience.—(8) 'Protection to Young Industries, as Applied in the United States' (Cambridge: King), a study in economic history, by F. W. Taussig, of Harvard, which won the Toppan Prize in Political Science in October of last year.—(9) The Register of the Appalachian Mountain Club for 1883, and (10) the April number of *Appalachia*, containing papers on 'Mountain Observatories,' 'The Twin Mountain Range,' 'The Blue Hills,' 'The Mountains of Eastern Cuba,' etc., with book-reviews, reports, proceedings, names of officers for 1883, and other cognate matter. (Boston: Clarke & Carruth.)—(11) Bulletin of books added to the Brooklyn Library, from September 1882 to March 1883.—(12) *The American Naturalist* for May, containing an essay on 'Wampum and its History,' by Ernest Ingersoll; 'The Naturalist Brazilian Expedition' (continued), by Herbert H. Smith; 'Note on the Classification of Moths,' by A. R. Grote, and other special papers, besides the department notes, which are as well selected and as copious as usual.—(13) The first two numbers of *Student and Statesman*, 'a weekly journal devoted to political culture.'—(14) An appeal 'to the parents, clergymen, and teachers of Boston,' against the circulation of immoral literature by the Public Library of that city, whose management was arraigned a year and a half ago for the same offence by the author of the present pamphlet, Mr. James M. Hubbard.—(15) No. 8 of *The British Amateur*, a magazine published by J. J. Peet at 3 Beekford Place, Walworth Road, London, for the somewhat questionable purpose of 'encouraging amateur writers.'—(16) 'From Zone to Zone,' a poem in which Mr. Frank D. Y. Carpenter so successfully advocated the construction of the Three Americas Railway as to win a prize of \$1000, offered by the projector of that enterprise.—(17) Four pamphlets issued by the Bureau of Education, one on 'Technical Instruction in France,' another on 'High-Schools for Girls in Sweden,' a third on the advisability of planting trees in school-grounds, and the fourth on 'Maternal Schools in France.'—(18) The April issue of the Canadian quarterly review, *The Bystander*, in which it is related that the determination of the Princess Louise to winter at Bermuda, overwhelmed with affliction certain Americans who had taken apartments at Ottawa, in the hope of enjoying the raptures of court life.—(19) *The Quarterly Review of the M. E. Church, South* (for April), containing, among other papers of equal interest, essays on 'The Bible Epic' and 'Ancient Greek Education,' and long reviews of the Lives of Horace Bushnell, David Livingston, and Bishop J. O. Andrew.—(20) Pleadings in the suit of Gaston L. Feu-ardent against Louis P. Di Cesnola.—(21) Annual Report for 1883 of the St. Louis Mercantile Library Association.—(22) 'The Aim of Industrial Education in the Public Schools,' by H. H. Straight. (Boston: Ginn, Heath & Co.)—(23) No. 100 of the *American Journal of Numismatics*, edited by Jeremiah Colburn and published quarterly by the Boston Numismatic Society.—(24) Catalogue and Announcements of the University of Pennsylvania, 1882-3.—(25) 'Should American Colleges be Open to Women as Well as to Men?' a paper presented by President Barnard, of Columbia, to the 20th Annual Convocation of the University of the State of New York.—(26) Dr. O. W. Holmes's 'Medical Essays' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), including the famous 'Currents and Counter-Currents,' 'Homeopathy and its Kindred Delusions,' etc.

Salvini and Dr. Holmes.

[We print below Dr. Holmes's letter regretting his inability to attend the Salvini Dinner on Thursday night.]

'I regret that my engagements in Boston will not permit me to have the pleasure of being present at the complimentary dinner which is to be given to Signor Salvini on the 26th instant. We all know and admire his supreme excellence in various assumed characters, but he never shows himself more a master than when he appears without disguise and delights those around him by the charms of his conversation, so eloquently conveyed by every feature and every movement

"That you might almost say his body thought."

I quote the line from memory, which is always dangerous; but as it stands here, it applies to Signor Salvini more perfectly than to any human being I have ever met. I can believe in the eloquence of Hortensius, in the oratorical powers of Cicero, after seeing how the Italy of to-day is represented both on and off the stage.

'With many thanks to the Committee of Arrangements for their very kind invitation.'

'NEW YORK, April 10, 1883. O. W. HOLMES.'

Daphnis.

I.

ERE the Spring comes, we will go
Where belated lines of snow
Lie in wreathlets chilly bright
Round the wind-flowers pink and white
Trembling even as you, my own,
In my arms about you thrown;
Where pale sheets of ice like glass
Fleck the marshland's greening grass;
Where beneath the budding trees
Dead leaves wait for April's breeze—
Chloë, Chloë, we will wander
Hither, thither, here and yonder.
Seeing you, the jealous Spring
Sure will haste a laggard wing,

Though the upland plains are snowy,
Though the snow is on the plain—
Chloë, Chloë, Chloë, Chloë!

But she answers not again.

II.

Chloë, lo! the Spring is here,
All the wintry walks are clear;
Prismy purple is the air
Round the branches brown and bare;
Purple are the doubtful dyes
Of the clouds in April's skies—
Come, and make last Summer stretch
Over half a year, and fetch
Smells of rose and violet
In the barren ways to set.
See, the wood remembering misses
Sweetness of our last year's kisses.
O'er the place where once we kist
Falls a veil of rainy mist—

Tangled rain-sheets, wreathed and blowy—
There is weeping in the rain—

Chloë, Chloë, Chloë, Chloë!

Ah! she answers not again!

H. C. BUNNER.

"The Medusa's Raft."

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

I have been dabbling a little of late in the literature of 'La Bohème,' and now and then meet with the expression 'le radeau de la Méduse' ('the Medusa's raft'), which seems to be synonymous with 'precarious existence.' Can you inform me how the phrase originated? I have an indistinct recollection of some 'Wreck of the Medusa,' to which it may refer. C. F. SAUNDERS.

PHILADELPHIA, April 16, 1883.

[The phrase does undoubtedly refer to Gericault's 'Le Naufrage de la Méduse'—one of the most famous paintings in the Louvre.]

The Critic

NEW YORK, APRIL 23, 1883.

MESSRS. DODD, MEAD & CO. will issue in the course of a few weeks an édition-de-luxe of the Works of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, which will be limited to 320 copies. The composition and press work have been done by Theodore L. Devinne & Co., and the type will be distributed after the edition is printed. The plays will be prefaced by an introductory essay on the life and genius of Sheridan by Richard Grant White, and illustrated with three portraits etched for this edition from the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, the drawing by Corbould, and the sketch originally published in *The Gentleman's Magazine*.

The edition of Shakspeare's plays which Mr. Richard Grant White has edited for Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will not be published till June. There will be two different sets, one in six volumes on large paper, and a cheaper one from the same plates in three volumes. Mr. White has edited this edition on a different plan from that of the one which he published in twelve volumes. His aim has been to combine thorough editorial work and attractive appearance with convenience of form and cheapness of price. The plays are arranged under the heads Comedies, Tragedies, and Historical Plays. The edition is dedicated to Mr. Henry O. Houghton, of Riverside.

Mr. J. H. Morse has prepared an exhaustive paper on 'The Native Element in American Fiction,' which will appear in the *June Century*. The instalment of Mr. Howells's story which will appear in that number is particularly thrilling, as it deals with a shipwreck, the description of which, it is said, will surprise those who think that Mr. Howells can do nothing but analyze the thoughts of New England women.

Mr. Marion Crawford is not going to Japan, as has been stated, but will sail for Europe at the end of May, and spend the summer in Italy.

Mr. Crawford has given to the editor of *The Atlantic* the completed manuscript of 'A Roman Singer,' the opening chapters of which will appear in the July number of that magazine. He has also arranged with Messrs. Macmillan, the publishers of 'Mr. Isaacs,' for the simultaneous publication in this country and in England of a new novel to be called 'Dr. Claudius,' the scene of which will be laid partly in Germany, where Mr. Crawford spent some years of student life, and partly in the United States.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have Bishop Wilberforce's *Life* in one volume nearly ready.

'No New Thing,' by W. E. Norris, author of 'Matrimony,' will be published by Henry Holt & Co. in their *Leisure Hour Series* to-day. Next week they will publish Maine's 'Dissertation on Early Law and Customs.'

A number of the London booksellers have bound themselves together under the title of *The Odd Volumes* and the presidency of Mr. Bernard Quaritch. They have just issued an annual report got up in antique style and embellished with a portrait of Mr. Quaritch and a photograph of the Volumes arrayed in silken hose and trunks, and posed on gigantic tomes.

Mr. H. Sutherland Edwards has written a paper on the Romanoffs which will be published in two parts in *Harper's Magazine*. The first part will appear in the June number. The illustrations have been made directly from the portraits in the British Museum.

Prof. W. G. Sumner is revising for publication in book form by Harper & Brothers his article on social and industrial topics which have been appearing in *Harper's Weekly* under the general title of 'What our Social Classes owe to each other.'

In 1867 Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. published an édition-de-luxe of Dickens's works in fifty-five volumes, limiting the number issued to fifty. They were some years in disposing of this small edition, for the rage for luxurious book-making was not as great then as it is now. The other day they came across five sets of the work in sheets. These were immediately bound up, and four were disposed of in a few days. The entire edition was hand-printed on especially prepared paper, and is one of the handsomest books ever made in this country. The type page is small, but the margins are wide, though the book is not a very large one.

Renan's 'Recollections of my Youth' is going through the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons. It is not reproduced literally from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, but has been almost re-written by M. Renan, who has also read and thoroughly revised the English proofs.

We have received with the compliments of the Ladies' Art Association 'A Preliminary Discussion by a Member of the Society of Lady Artists.' The 'Discussion' is in rhyme, and if we were not assured that it was written by a lady artist we should have attributed it to the gifted Mr. Bloodgood H. Cutter, who writes under the nom-de-plume of 'The Long Island Farmer.'

Mr. Sidney Lanier's posthumous work, 'The English Novel and the Principle of its Development,' will be published by Messrs. Scribner next week. Mr. Lanier covers the period from Richardson to George Eliot, and makes an elaborate comparison between the old school and the new.

The efforts of the little readers of *Harper's Young People* to endow a cot in St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children in New York City, have been successful. The treasurer of the fund announces that the whole amount asked for in *Harper's Young People*, is now in hand.

President Eliot of Harvard writes in the May number of *The Princeton Review* of 'The Education of Ministers,' and Mr. Clarence Cook of 'American Art in 1883.'

To the layman, the six pages of 'Wheel News' in the May *Wheelman* will be of more interest than (let us say) the paper on the 'Bicycle Co-efficient of Safety.' From the foreign notes we learn that the roads at the Cape of Good Hope are very poor, yet Cape Town has many wheelmen; that the natives in Calcutta ride barefoot; and that the walls of the Dunedin (New Zealand) Bicycle Club are adorned with illustrations from *The Wheelman*.

The Brooklyn *Union* of last Saturday contained an account of the extensive collection of rare prints owned by Prof. C. E. West—the first, apparently, of a series of articles on the art-treasures of Brooklyn.

Washington Irving, Gustave Doré, and Washington's administrations are the topics considered in Mr. Foster's *Monthly Reference Lists* for April. Under the first heading, ample credit is given to the Irving Centenary number of THE CRITIC.

The *Christian Union* has bought off the projectors of the proposed Congregational paper, or rather has induced them to put into the established paper the capital subscribed for the new one.

'The Iroquois Book of Rites' will be issued in June as No. 2 in Dr. Brinton's Library of Aboriginal American Literature. It is a historical record of the Kanonsionni or United Nations, comprising the original text and a literal translation, with introduction, notes and glossary, edited by Horatio Hale.

Mr. Joel Benton, author of 'Emerson as a Poet,' has become an agent of the banking-house of Denslow, Easton & Herts, of which Mr. S. H. Nichols, author of 'Monte Rosa,' is a member. So Mr. Stedman is no longer the only poet-banker, though, since the death of Samuel Rogers, he is, perhaps, the best known.

'Documentary Evidence' is the name of a clever comic sketch by Mr. H. C. Faulkner in *The Continent* of April 25. It would have been well had Mr. Faulkner acknowledged his indebtedness, not only for the title, but also for the structure of his sketch to 'The Documents in the Case,' by Mr. J. Brander Matthews and Mr. H. C. Bunner in *Scribner's Monthly* for September, 1879.

Mr. Howard Carroll has written a book which he calls 'Twelve Americans.' It is a history of twelve of the most eminent Americans from George Washington to Peter Cooper. It will be published by Harper & Bros.

Cupples, Upham & Co., successors to A. Williams & Co. of Boston, announce for immediate publication, an album of 'Yacht-Pictures and Sea-Views,' the work of Mr. David Mason Little, known for his success in instantaneous photography. The volume will be bound in a new and artistic style. The same house will issue shortly 'Mr. and Mrs. Morton,' a society novel by a well-known Bostonian; and also a curious new illustrated novel called 'The Priest and the Man, or Abelard and Heloise.'

'An American's Impressions of Some British Song-Birds' is the somewhat ponderous title of a bright and graceful essay by John Burroughs in the May number of *Longman's Magazine*.

The Trustees of the Astor Library are considering the expediency of keeping one room open in the evening for the convenience of persons who may wish to study at night, and who may acquaint the Librarian during the day with the particular volumes which they wish to have laid aside for them to consult. The plan is an excellent one, and would involve very little extra expenditure for attendance, as the main halls would still be closed at the usual hour.

Mr. Gray-Parker is making some very amusing illustrations for the last page of *Harper's Bazar*. In this week's number he has an admirable skit at that newly discovered creature the 'dude.' All of this page, by the way, is made up of original matter and not, as is usual with 'funny' columns, of selections.

A committee of the Board of Aldermen is considering a proposition to give the name of Cooper Park to the small triangular strip of land immediately south of Cooper Institute, and to erect there a statue of the late philanthropist.

Mr. Cable's readings at the Madison Square Theatre last Monday afternoon were successful in respect both to the number of persons in attendance, and the pleasant impression produced by the novelist's choice of themes and method of treatment.

Harper's Weekly will begin a serial in May by W. E. Norris, author of 'Matrimony' and 'No New Thing,' called 'Thirlby Hall.' It will be profusely illustrated.

The cover of 'Games and Songs of American Children' (Harper & Bros.) is from a design by Miss Rosina Emmet. The top border is a particularly pretty bit of decorative art.

One of the most valuable books recently added to Lovell's Library is Professor Ernst Haeckel's 'Letters of India Travel,' which appears here under the title of 'India and Ceylon.' It is 'a coherent version, if not a strictly literal translation,' by Mrs. S. E. Boggs, of Prof. Haeckel's communications to the *Deutsche Rundschau*. 'Woman's Place To-Day,' Mrs. Blake's reply to Dr. Dix's Lenten Lectures, is the latest volume in the series.

Our comic contemporary, *Life*, warns Mr. James that his pre-eminence as the International Novelist is threatened by Mr. Crawford, who, 'in his one book, has not only the disinfected Yankee and the British lord, which he shares with Mr. James, but Parthians, Medes, and dwellers in Mesopotamia—let alone spooks—who dream dreams and see visions, and talk of incomprehensible things in a diverting variety of tongues.'

Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls have done a real service to George Eliot's innumerable admirers by reprinting in their popular Standard Library the great novelist's occasional contributions to the periodical press. 'The Essays of George Eliot' here published in book-form for the first time are on such a variety of subjects as 'Carlyle's Life of Sterling,' 'Woman in France,' 'German Wit,' 'Silly Novels by Lady Novelists,' 'Worldliness and Other-Worldliness,' etc., and they are preceded by a study of 'George Eliot's Analysis of Motives.' The volume is edited by Nathan Sheppard.

FRENCH NOTES.

In historical literature the first place is taken by the 'Correspondence Inédite de Condorcet et de Targot,' edited by M. Charles Henry, and published by Charavay. All the gossip of Paris from 1770 to 1779, the talk of the literary drawing-rooms, questions of political economy, of art, and of science, are here discussed, and light is thrown on the events which led to Condorcet's suicide.—The same house publishes 'Les Diplomates de la Révolution,' by Frédéric Masson, formerly Librarian at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, mainly concerned with an account of Hugon de Bassville, who represented France at Rome in 1792, and of Bernadotte, who represented France at Vienna in 1799.

GERMAN NOTES.

A WORK on Australia, by Dr. Karl Emil Jung, has appeared in Leipzig.—A new edition of the 'Lives and Works of the Troubadours,' by Friedrich Diez, which first appeared in 1829, has been published in Leipzig, revised by K. Bartsch, an authority on Provençal literature.—A 'Preliminary Account of the two Austrian Archæological Expeditions to Asia Minor,' by

Otto Benndorf, an important work, has just appeared in Vienna. —An interesting book recently published in Leipzig by Dr. Karl Lamprecht deals with 'Initial-Ornamentation' from the VIIIth to the XIIIth century. —A collection of portraits of Goethe, issued in five parts, with accompanying text edited by Dr. Herm. Rollet, has been published in Vienna. —'Aristotle on the Poetic Art,' by Friedrich Brandscheid, and 'The So-called Theology of Aristotle,' by Friedrich Dieterici, are two recent additions to German philosophical literature. —The letters of the Crown-Prince Ludwig of Bavaria to Karl Haller von Hallerstein, the architect, have recently been given to the public in the *Zeitschrift für Bildende Kunst*. —A work on Menander and his writings by Conrad Bursian has appeared in Munich. —The letters of Jacob Grimm (1811-32) to Hendrik Willem Tydeman, a Dutch professor of law and politics, have been brought to light from among a collection of manuscripts in Leyden and published in Heilbronn. —Two recent historical works are 'Heinrich von Braunschweig, Pfalzgraf bei Rhein,' by Lothar von Heinemann, and the 'History of Braunschweig and Hanover,' by Otto von Heinemann.

ITALIAN NOTES.

'ONE Hundred Architectural Designs of Ornaments and Figures,' by Fra Giovanni Giocondo, verified and described by Enrico, Barone di Geymüller has appeared in Florence. —The 'Etudes Etymologiques' of Marco Antonio Canini, published by Loescher of Turin, are severely handled in a recent number of the *Deutsche Literaturzeitung*. —'Egypt in the Time of the Greeks and Romans,' by Giacomo Lumbroso, is published in Turin by the Fratelli Bocca. —Among recent Italian publications are 'The Literary and Artistic Movement in the XVth and XVIth centuries of the Ducal Court of Urbino,' by Corbucci; 'History of Italian Independence from the Fall of the Napoleonic Empire in 1814 to the Accomplishment of the Italian Destiny in 1870 in Rome' by Ghetii, published by Loescher; and 'Emanuel Philibert and the Passage of the Spaniards in 1573,' by Saraceno. —A valuable monograph on St. Francis of Assisi, by the monk P. Giuseppe Frattini, appeared recently in Italy under the title 'History of the Basilica and the Monastery of St. Francis of Assisi.'

The *Antologia* for April 1, contains part of the essay on Raphael, which was to have been read at the centenary celebration of the painter at Urbino, on the 28th of March by its author, Senator Terenzio Mamiani; a paper on the Alps and foreign invasions of Italy, by C. Belviglieri; 'France in the Tong-King,' by A. Brunialti; an instalment of 'Sul Tevere'; a second paper on Italian and American agriculture; an exhaustive essay by A. Loria, on Karl Marx, the head of the International, who died a short time ago; and a series of book-reviews by A. de Gubernatis.

A volume of critical studies of the tragedies of Manzoni, by Oscarre de Hassek, has been published in Trieste. 'Giustizia' is the title of a book of poems of socialistic tendencies, by Mario Rapisardi, just published in Catania. —'Liriche e Satire,' by Luca Savarese, recently published at Naples, are verses in the vein of the great popular poet, Giuseppe Giusti. —'Eden Regained,' by Antonio Garelli, is an epic poem recently published in Turin.

RUSSIAN NOTES.

The *Viestnik Evropii* for March contains among other articles an instalment of a serial called 'Itoghi Jizni,' by P. M. Kovalevski; the last of a number of chapters on the national school near Moscow, by V. U. Skalon; 'Idealists of Thirty Years,' a biographical study by P. V. Annenkoff; an ethnographical and historical study by N. Dobrotvorski; 'The Latest Investigations of Russian Nationality,' by A. N. Pishin; and 'Russian Social Life in the Satires of Saetikoff,' by K. K. Arsenieff. —Among important recent Russian publications are 'Mazeppa,' a historical monograph by N. I. Kostomarov, and 'Western Influence on Recent Russian Literature,' by Alexief Veselovski. —The Russian author I. A. Gontcharoff received, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of his career as a writer, a congratulatory address signed by one hundred Russian women, prominent in art, literature, etc. The address, together with the graceful letter written in reply by Gontcharoff from his sick-bed, is reproduced in the *Viestnik Evropii*, for March.

"Nature and the Native."

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

MISS THOMAS'S paper on 'Nature and the Native,' in THE CRITIC, is fraught with the pure fragrance of pine-clad mountains and flowering meadows. It springs from delightful impressions, and begets them. Yet I wish to differ with her in the premise that 'Nature becomes genial and communicative only when assurance is given that you have come to stay.' Granted that Nature is indifferent to those who are indifferent to her, as many are who live in daily contact with her; but I believe she is, on the whole, kindest to those unhappy mortals whose summer fortnight in the country has to make amends for fifty weeks a year of confinement in factories, offices and shops. The cooped-up soul, pining for a return to those conditions that give it happiness and peace, drinks in with increased eagerness the lessons and comforts of Nature, who fairly glows with welcome. Mountains open their stony old hearts, flowers exhale a soothing influence with their perfume, trees and birds whisper and chirrup greeting, and, in the rhapsodic elevation that follows, life is made larger and happier than it is made by work, or wealth, or wisdom. You have not come to stay; yet the will to do so is received as equivalent to the deed, and Nature grows generous in the revelation of her secrets and impartment of her blessings. Contrast with city life, which is becoming more and more artificial, heightens the enjoyment of nature; and if we return to haunts that are stored with memories of early happiness, or invested with mystery and romance by some literary wizard, the tonic bitter of unfulfilment is mixed with the sweet of present gladness. The perfection of this tempered sweetness, which prevents happiness from cloying, is found only in the nutriment that we, as trustful children, draw from mother Nature's breast. Be faithful to Nature through the longest separation, and she will welcome your return with smiles; but prove unfilial, and never hope to see the old serenity and love upon her face again.

CHARLES M. SKINNER.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., April 19, 1883.

The Book-Exchange.

[UNDER this heading, any reader of THE CRITIC who wishes to exchange one book for another may advertise his wants. No statement will be published unless accompanied, as a guaranty of good faith, by the name and address of the person sending it. But each statement will be numbered, and in cases where the name of the advertiser is not printed, answers addressed to the proper number will be forwarded by THE CRITIC. In such cases a postage-stamp should be sent, to cover the cost of forwarding the answer from this office. —Payment will not be required for a single insertion, but when an advertisement is repeated, each additional insertion will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.]

12.—Miscellaneous works of Horace Greeley; any magazines or papers containing his articles; or a file of the *New York Weekly Tribune*. Will exchange books for above, or will pay cash. Box 2089, Kansas City, Mo.

20.—For exchange, Appleton's 'Picturesque Europe' for Appleton's 'Picturesque America.' Address E. W. L. at this office.

21.—List of books for exchange for complete sets of Dickens, Scott, Hawthorne, Irving, or other works of standard literature: Publications of the Parker Society, 55 vols., uncut, with general index (English Reformation). Greenwood's *Cathedra Petri*, 5 vols. Life of John Wickliffe, Lechler, 2 vols. Mosheim's Commentaries, 2 vols. Mosheim's Institutes, 3 vols. History of England, Lingard, new, 13 vols. History of England, Hume, 6 vols. Soame's Anglo-Saxon Church. Hare's Vindication of Luther. Reformers before the Reformation, Bonnechese. The Church and the French Reformation, Pressense. History of Free Thought, Farrar. History of Rationalism, Hurst. Letters from Rome on the Council, Quirinus. Welsh Reformers, Hughes. Fragments of Christian History, Aalen. Bullinger on the Sacraments. Tracts and Treatises, John Wickliffe. History of the Nicene Council, Kaye. Early Liturgies (Anti-Nicene Library). Genesis of the New England Churches, Leonard Bacon. On the Donatist Controversy, Augustine. The Septuagint, Tischendorf. History of Christianity, Milman, 3 vols. History of Latin Christianity, Milman, 8 vols. Giesler's Ecclesiastical History, 4 vols. Schaff's (3 vols.) and Hase's Histories of the Christian Church. Medieval

Church History, Trench. Studies in Church History, Lea. Milner's Church History, 5 vols. Medieval Church History, Guericke. History of the Church, Islay Burns. Sketches of Church History, McCree, 2 vols. Ecclesiastical History, Spanheim. Meyer's Commentary on the New Testament, 12 vols. This, and all the works of the following list are new, and in German: Neander's Works complete, 13 vols. History of the Christian Church, Kurtz. Handbook of Church History, 2 vols., Kurtz. History of the Doctrine of the Atonement, 3 vols., Ritchl. Polemic against the Catholic Church, Hase. History of Doctrine, Nitzsch. German Protestantism, Kahnis. Lectures on Christian Life, Uhlhorn. Struggle of Christianity against Heathenism, Uhlhorn. Anselm of Canterbury, 2 vols., Hase. Gregory of Tours, Loebell. History of Modern Theology, Schwarz. Church History, 2 vols., Alzog. Address E. S. Shumway, Potsdam, N. Y.

22.—Complete set of *Hours at Home*, 11 volumes, handsomely bound, and first sixteen volumes of *cribner's Monthly*, bound in muslin with leathere backs. For sale. Mrs. F. A. Wood, Station R., New York City.

Science

"Current American Bibliography."

[THE following is extracted from the Minutes of the regular Meeting of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Philadelphia, held on Thursday, April 5th.]

'Vice-President Dr. Daniel G. Brinton presented to the Society some observations on "Current American Bibliography." He remarked that one of the most noteworthy of recent works in this department is the "Bibliography of Anonymous and Pseudonymous Works on the History, Geography and Literature of America," by Don Diego Barros Arana, published last summer in Santiago de Chile. (1) The author is an expert bibliographer, and in this quarto volume of 171 pages he traces to their authors 507 books on America, published anonymously or under false names. Their dates of issue vary all the way from 1493 to the Centennial Exhibition in 1876. Señor Arana adds very instructive and often copious notes on the writers of these productions and on their value or lack of value.

'Of decided general interest is the priced sale-catalogue of books on America issued this year by Messrs. Robert Clarke & Co., of Cincinnati (2). It contains 6589 titles on 266 double-column pages. The head of that well-known house is himself an ardent student of American history, and in this remarkable catalogue, unequalled by any in its field hitherto published in the United States, we cannot fail to recognize his skilful handiwork.

'In a narrower field, it may be mentioned that that distinguished master of early American bibliography, Mr. Henry Harris, has added a most complete bibliography of the subject to his recently published life of John and Sebastian Cabot (3).

'An agreeably written but not very accurate or exhaustive sketch of books and authors on the native languages of Spanish America has appeared from the pen of Dr. Felix C. Y. Sobron (4). He gives some extended notices of several rare volumes.

'All interested in this subject know of the late Mr. Joseph Sabin's gigantic undertaking of a complete American bibliography (5). The first part was issued in 1867, and the eightieth, which is dated 1881, brings it into the letter P, and up to the enormous number of 58,796 titles. About one-third of the work had not seen the light at the time of the diligent compiler's death, but his son, in New York, states in a recent letter that the whole MS. is in his hands, and that its prompt publication will ensue, if sufficient financial encouragement is

offered. It is strongly recommended to all interested in American history to aid Mr. Sabin in completing at an early day his father's praiseworthy and laborious task.

'Another work of very great interest, which is in process of publication, is a "Bibliography of North American Linguistics," prepared by Mr. James C. Pilling, of the Bureau of Ethnology, Washington, D. C. It is an author's catalogue, and will contain a list of all publications in or relating to the languages of the Indians of North America. It is the intention to make it as complete and thorough as possible, and in the course of his work Mr. Pilling has visited all the larger libraries of the East, and he has now started for the Pacific Coast with a like intention. The missions along the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Rivers have also been visited by Mr. Pilling, and full notes made of the manuscripts held at these places. Full titles and collations will be given, the ends of lines in titles being indicated by cross-bars. (All editions are given also.) Five hundred and twelve pages of the bibliography are in type, covering "Ab-bott," "Moran" (2629 titles). New material is being constantly gathered, and an appendix will be necessary, and it is supposed that it will finally make at least one thousand pages of print.

'As a model of this kind of bibliographical work, although not of very recent issue, should be named with special emphasis Julius Platzmann's description of his collection of "American Grammars, Dictionaries, Catechisms, etc." (6). It covers only 38 pages and 97 titles, but for critical collation and instructive notes it is a sample of just what such works should be. This is but a very small part of what Mr. Platzmann has done for American linguistics; by his beautiful and faithful republications of old authors he has, perhaps, done more than any other living man to aid these studies.

'Of works in this branch entirely in manuscript, the speaker mentioned that he had in his possession two; the one a very extensive "Bibliotheca Mexicana," compiled by the late Dr. C. H. Berendt, about 1865-70; the second a *catalogue-raisonné*, prepared by himself, of the linguistic and historical collection, chiefly relating to Central America, left by Dr. Berendt at the time of his death. Either of these MSS. will be at the service of any scholar who would care to visit the speaker's residence to consult them there.'

The Fine Arts.

Progress in Steel-Engraving.

A STEEL-ENGRAVER has at last been found to follow the lead of the engravers on wood in attempting a closer reproduction of the original given to them to copy than has been considered practicable or 'legitimate' up to the present. Mr. John A. Lowell and Mr. Schoff, of Boston, are to be credited with this new departure. Mr. Schoff's engraving of Wm. M. Hunt's celebrated picture, 'The Bathers,' shows practically what many people have all along surmised—namely, that engravers on steel might, if they saw fit, carry this movement much further than is possible on wood. If Mr. Lowell keeps on with his enterprise, and he ought to do so, the wood-engravers will be driven to make a new advance, this time in the direction of original work.

"Notes on European Picture Galleries."

THE 'Notes on European Picture Galleries' of Chas. L. Eastlake (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) will serve, when completed, as a comprehensive guide-book to the principal European picture-galleries. Those treated of in

(1) *Notas para una Bibliografía de Obras Anónimas i Pseudónimas sobre la Historia, la Geografía i la Literatura de América*. Por Diego Barros Arana. 410 pp. 171. Santiago de Chile: Imprenta Nacional; 1882. (2) *Bibliotheca Americana*. Catalogue of a valuable Collection of Books and Pamphlets relating to America. 8vo, pp. viii, 266, and Appendix pp. 46. 50 cents. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.; 1883. (3) *Vie de Jean et Sebastian Cabot*. Pp. 370-375. Paris: E. Leroux. (4) *Los Idiomas de la América Latina*. Estudios Biográfico-Bibliográficos. 8vo, pp. 137. Madrid, n. d. (1879?). (5) *A Dictionary of Books relating to America, from its Discovery to the Present Time*. By Joseph Sabin. New York: J. Sabin's Son; 24 Park Place. (6) *Verzeichniss einer Auswahl Amerikanischer Grammatiken, Wörterbücher, Katechismen, u. s. w., gesammelt von Julius Platzmann*, Leipzig, 1876. 8vo, pp. 38.

the volume before us are the galleries of the Louvre at Paris, and the Brera at Milan. The notes are generally short, critical, and descriptive; and sometimes an historical fact or two relating to the picture under discussion is appended. They are arranged alphabetically by the surnames of the painters, with reference marks giving the position of the painting in the collection. They are very fully illustrated with 'process' engravings of the principal pictures. Following the present volume will be one on the Pinakothek at Munich, and the Royal Academy of Fine Arts at Venice.

Art Notes.

MR. BOUTON has secured the American agency of Louis Gonse's splendidly-printed work on 'L'Art Japonais,' of which A. Quantin is the publisher. Of the whole edition of 1400 copies, 100 will be printed on Japanese paper.

'Velasquez and Murillo,' by Mr. Charles B. Curtis, will be published here by J. W. Bouton early in May, and in London by S. Low & Co. The book is already off the press.

In the March *Portfolio* Mr. P. G. Hamerton continues his interesting voyage around Paris, which he illustrates with his own clever needle. In this number there are page-etchings of 'The Prodigal Son,' by W. Strang, 'Bathing Horses in the Seine,' by G. P. Jacob Hood, and 'A Lowland Brook,' a facsimile of a charcoal drawing by Allongé, (J. W. Bouton).

The Drama

IN THE SPRING the American drama begins to put forth its blossoms. Chilled during the winter by foreign trash, it revives with the coming of May, and during the past week no less than twelve theatres in New York have been budding with native works. Every form of American life is presented. Mr. Bartley Campbell shows the mining-camp in his powerfully pathetic play 'My Partner'; in '49' we see the California pioneers. Comic actors elsewhere depict the humors of the hotels, of the police-force, of the mud-scows, of the green-room. Two clever American women move the laughter which bubbles through 'A Russian Honey-moon' and the tears which fall fast over 'Esmeralda.' And surely Conn, the Shaughraun, belongs to our boards, for who shall refuse a certificate of American citizenship to the author of 'The Octoroon'?

At the same moment there has appeared a play which was refused admission to the Madison Square Theatre, the home of American drama. This is 'Daisy Miller,' by Mr. Henry James, two acts of which have been published in *The Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. James has friends who, knowing his skill in short stories, believe that it could not fail him in a play. We wish they were right. Writers of Mr. James's stamp are the writers whom the drama needs. Their thought, their style, their observation, would do much to elevate it. At the same time, if they believe that the theatrical art has close affinities with the literary art, they will work more harm than good. One art resembles the other as sculpture resembles painting, and just as men of so high a grade as Michel Angelo may excel in both the latter, so men of as low a grade as Bulwer Lytton may excel in both the former. But they must be studied separately. The novelist who, without preparation, turns lightly to play-writing is likely to produce a comedy like 'Daisy Miller,' the representation of which on the stage would have ruined Mr. James's reputation irretrievably.

A novel may centre in one person; a play must centre in two. Given Marguerite Gautier, you must supply Armand Duval. Having created Adrienne Lecouvreur, you must create Maurice de Saxe. Build your piece of materials as glittering as you will—pile imagination on

fancy and wit on both, and it all will crumble if there be not love at the foundation. What love is there in 'Daisy Miller?' A sparkling little story it is, and gleams phosphorescent as you read. You expect bits of character from the limner of Mrs. Costello, the 'person of much distinction who frequently intimated that, but for headaches, she would have left a deeper impress upon her time.' You expect shafts of epigram from the author of Miss Miller's speech, 'Well, we *are* exclusive, mother and I. We don't speak to every one—or they don't speak to us. I suppose it's about the same thing.' But after dallying with Daisy in picturesque places, watching Lake Lemane at her side, roaming with her through the Castle of Chillon, meeting her in Roman drawing-rooms, or on the Pincian Hill, or in the moon-lit Coliseum, you have never once seen her in love, never encountered a man who should feel anything but pity when she is laid in the little Protestant cemetery, under the spring-flowers and the cypresses.

Unless wholly rehandled the story was, therefore, useless as a play, and Mr. James's method of rehandling it has increased its disqualifications tenfold. He is fond, we believe, of the French stage. He has published, we know, an essay on the Théâtre Français written in the style best known as the 'magazine-style,' with more form than substance, more manner than matter. He has, accordingly, fallen into the trap which is laid for all students of the French stage: he mistakes dialectics for drama, words for action, witticisms for character. At least, if he has not made this mistake, how came he to contrive this play of 'Daisy Miller?' It is as verbose as 'Rasselas,' as tiresome as 'Clarissa Harlowe.' Its first act is long enough for an entire play, and Mr. Boucicault would have transported his personages from the cradle to the grave while Mr. James is getting about half of them on the stage. His repartee moves so slowly that the joke is lost; his epigram is sesquipedalian. 'Most people think you are very cold,' says one of his ladies; 'but I have discovered the truth. You are like one of those tall German stoves, which present to the eye a surface of smooth, white porcelain, without the slightest symptom of fuel or of flame. Nothing at first could seem less glowing; but after you have been in the room with it for half an hour, you feel that the temperature is rising, and you want to open a window.'

Stage dialogue is, of course, an art by itself. It is instinctive with few, and fewer have the patience to learn it. How to be terse and never meagre—there lies the playwright's problem. There Mr. James was sure to fail. But that which amazes us in a trained writer is the puerility of his story. His master-plotter is Eugenio, the courier, a very Satanic personage. Though Satanic, Eugenio has a nice sense of propriety. When Daisy Miller, who is in his charge, goes off to visit Chillon under the escort of Frederick Winterbourne, his nice sense of propriety is shocked. He watches them 'with a baffled but vindictive air,' and vows undying revenge. Now he has in his power two persons. One of them is Mme. de Katkoff, a Russian princess, whose amatory correspondence he has surprised and captured. Though a courier she had treated him as a serf. His nice sense of propriety was shocked again, and again he had vowed undying revenge. His second victim is the Cavaliere Giovanelli, whom, with promises and with threats of undying revenge, he hires to pay court to Daisy Miller. So the climax of the play is reached. At the close of the second act Daisy trips off on the arm of Giovanelli, Winterbourne goes meekly to meet Mme. de Katkoff, and the courier stands rubbing his hands between them.

He has succeeded in parting them for at least a quarter of an hour. It is an awful, a Mephistophelian revenge, and would be still more effective if Daisy cared for Winterbourne, or Winterbourne for Daisy, or the audience for either.

A child could see the principal defect of this play. The characters are puppets of wax. They do nothing like human beings. With a preliminary clicking of machinery they get up, advance a few steps, gabble a number of words, turn their heads this way and that, and suddenly, with a great whirring of wheels, subside and fall into a helpless dislocation, petrified in a stony glare. At one time you see Eugenio full of soft speeches and smooth Italian wiles, and you say that he only lacks the opportunity to become a courtier after the school of Pietro Arentino. At another time he runs about calling, 'Meester Randolph! Meester Randolph! Drat the little wretch—I'm a courier, not a nurse.' Poor little Randolph, with his 'aged expression of countenance,' has none but the unpleasant characteristics of our famous young friend, Master Fanfan Benoiton, and would be monstrous on the stage. Mme. de Katkoff, the Russian princess, supposed to be the 'grande coquette' of the piece, and the exponent of Mr. James's scraps of worldly wisdom, tempts Winterbourne with the fascinations of an aged blue-stocking, and treats the courier with the familiarity of a kitchenmaid. Mr. Charles Reverdy, a pert and slangy youth, and Miss Durant, a Vestal Virgin, are two other interpolated personages, who talk, talk, talk, and disappear. Winterbourne becomes a hopeless prig and Daisy a commonplace little flirt. As for Mrs. Costello, of whom much was expected, she is just as wearisome as the rest. Her headaches are a little less oppressive than in the book, and the reason of that may be that now the audience shares them.

As we said, a play like this does harm to the cause of the native drama. Mr. Wallack and the other importers of foreign balderdash point to it in defence of their system. 'Now mark,' say they. 'This is the kind of work your literary Americans, your novelists, your magazinists, your journalists constantly offer us. The man who keeps the stage-door can see that it is preposterous nonsense. No, sir. Give us a playwright trained to the boards, even if he cannot sign his name. The illiteracy of Messrs. Herman and Jones is a thousand times more valuable to us than the culture of Messrs. Howells and James. When a second Boucicault arises, we will receive him with open arms. Till then, we shall continue to pick our plays out of the theatrical gutters of Europe.'

Music

The Oratorio Society's Last Concert

THE Oratorio Society's fourth and last concert of their tenth season took place on Thursday of last week at the Academy of Music. The occasion was made especially interesting by the first appearance before an American audience of Herr Max Bruch who has attained some celebrity in Europe of late years as an orchestral and choral conductor, and in a minor degree as a composer. Two of his works were performed—the 'Lorely Prelude' and the 'Jubilate Amen,' both of which he conducted personally. As to the compositions themselves, there is little to be said either in praise or blame. They display the scholarly musician unaffected by the new school of musical expression, and are singularly wanting in originality either of melodic thought or method of orchestration. Despite this, however, the

'Jubilate' makes a near approach to grandeur in some passages.

The 'Creation,' which occupied the third place on the programme, is hardly among the greatest of oratorio compositions, but it served to mark very clearly by contrast the rank which Mr. Bruch must take as a composer. As a conductor, leading a chorus and orchestra trained by another hand and permeated with another's feeling, it is of course impossible to judge of his merit. He appears to lead with calmness, vigor, and thorough intelligence, and to have the gift of clearly and easily expressing his wishes to those dependent on his baton. The chorus sang well, very well, but only demonstrated what seems to be now a fact beyond denial, that oratorio singing is an art in which we are far from proficient. As for the soloists, Miss Juch is clever and charming enough as a ballad singer, but she is as much out of her element in oratorio as in grand opera; while Messrs. Heinrich and Woodruff would be out of place in any of the higher forms of musical composition.

The Italian Opera Season.

THE opera season is over, and in view of the fact that next fall Mr. Mapleson will have a rival in the field, and that rival the only important one he has had, it seems not amiss to consider what has been done for the opera-loving public during the past few weeks. The record can hardly be counted a worthy one. Patti's name is, of course, a tower of strength; but one Patti does not make an operatic summer. Scalchi has proved herself a 'one-part' artist—and 'Semiramide' is an uninteresting opera. Albani, save in her Wagnerian renditions, was far from satisfactory. So much for the prime-donne. As to the men, it is kinder not to allude to them in detail; and as to the manager, Mr. Mapleson would have left a better impression of his generalship, had he attended to what is distinctly his own department, with an evident desire to treat his patrons well. What has his repertoire been? How has he mounted the so-called novelties? What have been the claims of his chorus and ballet? As to the first, we have had 'The Flying Dutchman' virtually for the first time, but in such a form that apart from Mme. Albani's Senta there was absolutely nothing to be said in its favor. We have had 'L'Etoile du Nord,' in which even Mme. Patti seemed affected by her poverty-stricken surroundings, and failed to make a striking success in one of her most famous impersonations. As to the stage-settings of the various operas, they were of various degrees of badness—'Lohengrin' and 'The Flying Dutchman,' which demand the most, being perhaps the most hardly treated in that respect. The chorus and ballet were uniformly weak and inadequate to the demands made upon them. Cavallazzi is a graceful and beautiful première-danseuse, but she, as well as Patti should be well supported. To the thoughtful observer it is evident that opera, even in its best and highest forms, is becoming less and less attractive to the advanced in musical culture. Those who direct it must therefore bend every energy to the task if they would hold their place in the musical world. As it is, without the fashionable element as a support, grand opera would stand but a poor chance of pecuniary success. Americans are less conservative than Europeans in art as well as in politics, and it is in this city of all others that the sagacious manager should do his utmost to discourage desertion and attract recruits. Mr. Mapleson has not shown the sagacity with which he is popularly credited.